

## Midmorning Rush by flamehairedwritings

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**Genre:** Dirty Talk, F/M, Fingering, Sex without a Condom, Swearing, Teasing

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**Characters:** Jim "Chief" Hopper, Reader

**Relationships:** Jim "Chief" Hopper/You

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**Summary:**

Hopper does love surprising you.

UPDATE: Now with Part II.

# 1. Chapter 1

## Author's Note:

A/N: There might possibly be a Part II in the future.

UPDATE: Now with Part II! Hurray!

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“Thirteen across... ‘Lasting’, nine letters... ‘Permanent’. Twenty-one across, ‘Traditional knowledge’, four letters... ‘Lore’...”

It is a rather slow morning at the diner.

Glancing up, chewing at the end of your pen, you check on the only two customers in the vicinity. One, a lovely old man and a regular, Arthur, is engrossed in his own newspaper puzzle, his cup still full of coffee from when you had refilled it five minutes ago, while the other, a teenage boy, hasn’t lifted his head from his book since he sat down thirty minutes ago, not even when you took his order. One tap water.

You can hear the seconds tick by on the clock on the wall *and* on your wristwatch; two, annoying reminders that it’s going to be a long time before you can even start to get excited about whipping your apron off and running to your car.

Exhaling a long sigh through your nose, you return to your crossword, shifting your weight to your other foot.

“Twenty-two across, ‘Mighty’, six letters...” you mutter under your breath. “... ‘Strong’...”

As you scribble the letters down in the boxes, the front door opens and the small bell attached to the frame rings, signalling the arrival of a new customer. Straightening up from where you’d been leaning

on the counter, you lift your head and are greeted by the sight of Chief Jim Hopper.

A wide smile spreads across your lips as he enters and removes his hat, his eyes on you. He moves towards you, one corner of his mouth slightly higher than the other as he returns your smile.

"Well, hello."

"Hey, baby," he murmurs, capturing your lips in a soft kiss before he places his hat on the counter and takes a seat at it. His forearms settle in front of him and he leans towards you slightly.

"Well, this has certainly brightened my day."

"I thought I already did that this morning."

Your eyes widen as they flick up to check if the teenage boy had heard, knowing Arthur's too far away to have. Thankfully, he's still wrapped up in his book. Returning your gaze to Hopper, your lips twitch as you lower your voice.

"Well, of course you did... This has just made it that much better."

"Yeah, I know you get excited when you see the uniform. Though, if it's a contest between it and waking up with my head between your legs-

You quickly clear your throat a few times, your cheeks warming, as the teenager closes his book and rises, side-eyeing the pair of you as passes on his way to the exit.

"So, how many today?" you say in a slightly louder voice as Hopper smirks, stroking at his beard and mouth with his fingers.

*My God, you absolute bastard.*

"Just the one, sweetheart."

"Really? No one else want one?" You arch an eyebrow as you pull out a disposable cup and lid from underneath the counter and place it before him.

"We do have a coffee machine at the station."

"That didn't stop you from coming to see me everyday, ordering your ten coffees." It's your turn to smirk as you turn around to retrieve the coffee pot from the heater.

"How else was I going to get to stare at your ass?"

Turning back to him, you shake your head, unable to stop the corners of your mouth from rising higher as you pour coffee into the cup.

"My God, catch me, someone, I might swoon."

"Darlin'...?"

Lifting your head as you hear Arthur's voice, you bite at your lip as you glance at Hopper, his eyes fixed on over the rim of the cup as he takes a sip, an eyebrow raised.

"Two moments..." you murmur, managing to stop yourself from grinning. Taking the pot, you move out from behind the counter and over to Arthur, smiling warmly.

"More coffee, Arthur?"

"No, thank you, darlin'. That's me for the day."

"Ah, all righty, then. How did your Sudoku go today?"

"Oh, not too bad, darlin'... I'm just a little stumped now, think I might've messed up somewhere, but I'll figure it out."

"I'm sure you will, you always do." You feel a burst of affection for the old man. "I might need you to take a look at my crossword tomorrow, I'm a little stumped myself."

"Oh, I'd be happy to, darlin'," he beams. After he thanks you for the coffee, pays and starts to shuffle towards the door, you begin to wipe the table down.

"Chief," you hear him greet Hopper as he leaves.

"Hey, Arthur, have a good day," Hopper answers and you pick the empty cup up along with the pot as you turn, heading back to the counter.

Hopper's eyes are on you.

Raising your eyebrows, you place the cup and pot down and are about to move behind the counter when he reaches forward and grips the front of your apron, pulling you towards him. Inhaling sharply, you stand between his legs as you blink at him.

"Darlin", huh?" he murmurs as his arms slide around your waist, the pair of you now eye-level.

"He can call me whatever he damn well wants, he tips very well," you answer, grinning as you place your hands on his shoulders.

"Hmm."

"Don't tell me you're jealous, Chief Hopper."

"I know what he's thinkin' about."

You laugh, your head tilting back slightly as you shake your head. "Oh, God, come on, he's a sweet old man."

"A sweet old man that just stared at your ass as you bent over that table."

"Oh, stop it..." you tut, trying to wriggle your hips out of his grasp.

"Though I can't say I blame him," Hopper whispers as he tightens his hold on you, a smirk lifting his lips.

Arching an eyebrow, you purse your lips as you look at him, trying so hard to stop a smile.

"Stop it, Hopper. I have to get back to work and so do you."

"Oh, sorry, didn't realise I was holdin' the queue up."

Clenching your jaw, really trying hard to stop that smile, you shake

your head again.

“Shut up, Hopper.”

“Make me.”

“You’re such a chi-”

His lips press against yours, muffling the rest of your sentence. You hum softly as you start to weaken, leaning against him... Then you remember where the hell you are.

“Hop- Hopper, I can’t... Need to stop...” you mumble against his lips as he continues to hold you securely against him, kissing you in such a tender and slow way that you can’t *quite* summon up enough strength to push him away.

A moment later, however, he breaks the kiss and, when you open your eyes, he’s smirking.

“You’re such an asshole,” you mutter as your lips twitch, trying to straighten up. “I’m at wo-”

“Where is everyone?”

“What? Andrea and Cath are in the kitchen with the boys and Anne, bored as I am, except I drew the short straw and had to stay out here.”

“Lucky you.”

“Lucky me.” You smile as you settle your hands either side of his neck, your finger tips tracing small circles at the nape.

“Mmh... So if I told you my car’s just around the corner...”

“*Hopper.*” You smack his shoulder. “My God... *You* also have to work.”

“But I can’t stop thinking about this morning, baby.” His voice is lower, rougher. One of his hands slides to your hip, then down your thigh. “I can’t stop thinking about you, sweetheart.”

“Hopper...” you breathe, a slight edge of warning to your tone though you can’t take your eyes off of his as his hand slips under your dress.

“No one’s here, baby,” he murmurs, his finger tips sliding up the inside of your thigh.

Your lips part as his fingers gently press into your skin and you widen your stance just an inch or so, giving him better access. This is insane. Your colleagues are in the kitchen, only a few feet away, and the front door of the diner is even closer. There are windows. Granted, you’re in the quieter part of town and it’s 10:23 in the morning on a week day but *anyone* could walk in or by right now.

His finger tips glide over your covered slit.

*Oh, God.*

Swallowing hard, your eyelids flutter a few times as you still can’t look away from him.

“How’s that feel, baby?” he murmurs, before his fingers caress you again in one, slow, teasing stroke. “Tell me how that feels.”

Grazing your teeth over your lower lip, you then quickly release it as his gaze drops to your mouth and clear your throat. A single finger then circles over your clit.

*Oh, fuck.*

“... Good...” you breathe, your resolve starting to crumble as your body begins to seek and need his touch, your hips pushing towards him ever so slightly.

A smirk plays across his lips, his arm remaining tight around your waist.

“Good.”

His fingers move up and tease along the waistband of your panties before slipping in. Your breathing hitches as you grip at his shoulders, your chin lifting a little.

"Jim, we can't..." Even you can hear how weak your protest sounds.

"Mmh... Say my name again, baby." His fingers tease along your pussy lips, making you hiss in a breath through your teeth.

Then, he slides a finger inside you, all the way to the knuckle.

Your mouth drops open, a moan escaping you before you can stop it.  
"Oh, Jim..."

"Mmmh, there we go, sweetheart." He begins to pump his finger, slowly and deeply, every time all the way to the knuckle.

You grit your teeth in an effort to suppress the moan rising in your throat from sounding too loudly, your eyes falling shut.

"Thought about doing this to you at my desk all morning, baby," he rumbles. "Couldn't stand not seeing you another hour longer."

His thumb starts to gently stroke your clit in a tight circle.

"Oh, *fuck*... Jim, someone coul-"

"Shh... Just keep sayin' my name, baby."

He doesn't increase his pace, just continues to slowly fuck and caress you. Your hands slide from his shoulders to the back of his neck, your fingers curling into his hair.

"Mmh, you like that now don't you, sweetheart. Can feel you, all wet..."

You bite onto your lower lip as he slips his middle finger inside you and begins to thrust it along with the first finger. Gripping at his hair, a low moan escapes you before you draw in a staggered breath.

"Jesus Christ... Jim... Jim..."

He grunts quietly and you feel him shift. Opening your eyes, you find him gazing at you intently.

"You're so wet, aren't you, huh? Only got to touch you like this and



you're soaking..."

You release a breathy moan as you start to rock your hips, earning a slightly firmer pressure on your clit from his thumb.

"There we go, huh, baby... That's it..." One corner of his mouth lifts as he keeps his eyes on yours. "What time do you finish? Hm?"

"Huh... Uhm... Mmnh... Seven... I'll be home at seven..."

"Good..." Leaning closer, he whispers into your ear. "... I'll be waiting."

*Wait, what?*

Rising to his feet, his fingers slip out of your slick heat and he slides his hand out of your panties. Gazing down at you, a smirk now settles on his lips. Your cheeks are flushed, your eyes are wide and your lips are parted. Cupping your cheek, he presses an all too brief kiss to your lips.

"See you later, baby."

*Wait, what?*

His smirk widening at your expression, he grabs his hat, places it on his head, and leaves.

*Wait, what?*

Watching him go, staring so hard at his back, you squeeze your thighs together. You get one, brief burst of pleasure... but it's nowhere near enough to satisfy you like he does.

*Jim Hopper, you absolute bastard.*

## 2. Sweet Agony

### Summary for the Chapter:

It's a maddeningly intoxicating game you both play.

### Notes for the Chapter:

A/N: This story contains swearing, dirty talk, teasing and sex without a condom. Also, I don't usually like to recommend songs with stories but I pretty much had Reignite by Knox Brown x Gallant quietly on repeat in the background as I wrote this, just in case ya want a feel for the tone I was writing this with, but there's no need to listen to it as you read!

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Your body is burning. All day you've been thinking about him, about his mouth, about his eyes on you, about his hands, God, those *fingers* inside you.

All day you've tried to steal small moments that might alleviate the throbbing desire within you, squeezing your thighs together, brushing your arms against your breasts as you work, but nothing soothes your lust like he can and it is *maddening*.

You think about calling him when you're on your break. You think about calling him and *demanding* he returns and he takes care of you in his damn car... But you don't. You don't because you know he's probably thinking about doing exactly the same, and, as much as your body is desperately wanting a release, you want him to burn, too.

You know he's done it on purpose. You know he enjoys the anticipation just as much as you do; the constant staring at the clock, the unsatisfying attempts at easing your need, unable to stop thinking about each other. He loves you like this, unable to stand still, your body humming, and he knows you love him like this, sitting at his desk, gripping his pen slightly harder than usual as he resists the urge to touch himself or call you.

It's a maddeningly intoxicating game.

An easy stream of customers come and go throughout the day, not nearly enough to distract you from being acutely aware of how wet your panties are. It's so close, so close until you can leave and go home to him. You continuously steal glances at the clock on the wall as you work.

You almost do go mad in the last hour.

You fidget incessantly with your hands, your pen, your notebook, your apron strings. You're hailed several times for more coffee or food, the volume of people picking up a little as people finish work or families come out for dinner. You remember to smile warmly each time and try to appear relaxed, even as unwarranted irritation at them sparks through you whenever you're summoned or requested.

For the last few minutes, your eyes are glued to the clock. Restlessness prickles up your spine, making you roll your shoulders.

Then, finally, miraculously, the hands tick over to what you've been waiting for.

6:30.

Your apron is off in seconds. Striding into the back room that contains the staff lockers, you retrieve your coat and bag, throwing your apron into it. Tugging your coat on as you walk, you wave a hasty goodbye to Andrea before heading out of the front door.

Twenty-four minutes later, you turn down the road you had both cleared some time ago towards the cabin, there having been, mercifully, barely anyone else out on the roads; you don't think you could've handled being stuck in traffic. Your knuckles are almost white from your grip on the steering wheel, your heart starting to beat a little faster as you begin to see the cabin through the trees.

Then, as you near, you notice it.

A small, flickering orange light.

He's been waiting.

Pulling up, your heart begins to pound a little harder. You can just make out the shape of him on the porch in the dark, the small light rising and brightening for a few moments before it lowers again. Stepping out of the car, holding your bag, you close the door and then move around the hood. Ascending the stairs, you pause at the top of it and meet his gaze.

He's looking at you with a burning hunger. Your eyes sweep over him and his lips part slightly, the tip of his tongue running along his inner lower lip. Neither of you say a word.

Then, you turn your head and walk through the open front door. You hear the quiet exhale he releases as you slip your shoes off, hear the low, breathy laugh that accompanies it.

*Two can play at this game, Hopper.*

You drop your bag to the ground and slide your coat off, hanging it up, taking your time; you know he won't come in until he's finished his cigarette. It's a blissful agony, these last few moments you both drag out, and it makes the knowledge of eventual surrender just that little bit sweeter. Moving across the living room area to the bedroom, you push the door open and step inside. The bedside light is on, warmly illuminating the room. You stand by the dresser, unclasping your wristwatch and placing it on top before you remove your earrings, hyper-aware of your finger tips brushing against your skin.

Then, you hear the front door close and lock. He finished quickly.

You don't turn around, carrying on removing your earrings and placing them in the small box you own for jewellery. You hear him move across the carpet and, after flicking your gaze to the mirror on top of the dresser, you watch him stand in the doorway and lean against the door frame, his eyes on you.

Your breathing hitches ever so quietly at knowing he's watching your every move. Raising your hands, you begin to unbutton your dress, continuing to look at him through the mirror. You watch his gaze travel down your body slowly, taking in every inch of you, before it climbs back up and then his eyes lock with yours in the reflection. You finish unbuttoning down to your waist and part the material a little wider with your fingers, revealing more of your bra, the tips trailing over your collarbones. Your finger tips move down, brushing over your nipples and making your chin lift a little as you inhale slightly sharply, receiving a small thrill of pleasure. His jaw tightens. Cupping your breasts over your clothes, you slowly circle your nipples with your thumbs, feeling them begin to harden and peak through the thin material.

A soft moan sounds from the back of your throat, and Jim is striding across the room towards you.

His hands curve around your hips and he pulls you back against him, a rush of breath escaping you at the movement. You can feel him already hard against your lower back. He holds you tightly against him and lowers his head, pressing his face against the crook of your neck as he mouths at your skin. Your eyes close as you release a slightly shaky sigh at the feel of his lips, and you start to lower your hands away from your chest.

"Don't stop," he murmurs roughly, his voice rumbling against your ear.

Catching your lower lip between your teeth, your hands return to your breasts, cupping them again as you stroke the pads of your thumbs over your nipples. He exhales a long, slow breath as you moan quietly, his fingers tightening on your hips, before he presses warm, open-mouthed kisses to your neck, causing your head to tip to the side. You begin to push your ass back against him, pinching at your nipples lightly. He groans as he in turn pushes his hips forward, desperately needing some sort of friction, and one of his hands slides down your thigh and under your dress. He cups your pussy over your panties and his middle finger slowly strokes up and down your covered slit.

"Fuck..." he breathes, lifting his head to murmur into your ear, "You been wet all day for me, baby, huh?"

You can only groan in response, leaning your head back against him as you rock your hips against his hand.

"Mmmh, good..." he continues, "I've been thinking about you all day, too, baby... How wet you were, how tight and warm... How I want to thrust my cock deep inside you and hear you moan my name, fuck..." His finger tips lightly caress over your clit and pussy lips, teasing at you. "Couldn't stop thinking about you, sweetheart... Had to hide how hard my cock was when I went back to the station because of you..."

You moan at his words, imagining him enduring the same torturous feelings you had all day, how he had held off because he only wanted pleasure from *you*...

You spin around suddenly, making both his hands grip your hips automatically to steady you as his head lifts, his eyes narrowing slightly as he gazes down at you, searching your features questioningly. You hold his gaze and press both hands against his chest, pushing him back. He walks backwards with you, his eyes flicking between yours, the questioning curiosity, laced with concern, still lingering in them.

It's quickly replaced with unbridled lust, however, as you push him down to sit on the bed and stand between his legs. It's a scene all too reminiscent of that morning in the diner, and you both know it. Before he can move his hands and distract you in the most delicious way, you lower yourself to your knees, a hint of a smirk at the corners of your mouth as his eyes widen a fraction. Maintaining eye contact, you unbuckle his belt, the sound of metal scraping against metal filling the room, and unzip his trousers.

Placing your hand on his knee, you run your fingers up the inside of his thigh as you straighten up on your knees, your chest pressing against his. Your lips are centimetres apart as you gaze at him, your hand sliding into his trousers and boxers as your other settles beside him on the bed. Your finger tips brush over his straining cock, causing him to release a hiss, his hands gripping at your hips. Seizing him lightly, you then free his cock from the confines of his clothes. He's so hard, his tip leaking, and your feather-light touch must be torture. His fingers dig into you as you nip at his lower lip before kissing him softly, your lips moving so slowly against his. You can't help but tease him; it's the sweetest kind of payback.

He's breathing hard, his body tense, and you know he's using every ounce of willpower to hold back, to let you take what you want. Releasing his lips, you lower your head and press a kiss to his neck,

his beard tickling your cheek, before you sink down to sit on your heels, his hands having to let go and settle on your shoulders. Lifting your gaze to his, you press an open-mouthed kiss to his tip, swirling your tongue so gently, and one of his hands is suddenly gripping your hair as his hips jerk, his teeth clenched. A strained groan escapes him as he stares at you, his hold on your hair quickly relaxing.

A smile tugs at the corners of your mouth and before he can mutter something, you wrap your lips around his tip and start to suck as you grip and squeeze his base lightly. He doesn't have time to stop the loud groan that's torn from his throat, his hand tightening on your hair once more as his fingers squeeze your shoulder.

"Fuck, baby... Jesus..." he hisses, his eyes closing for a few moments as he struggles to regain control of himself. "Holy shit..."

You suck at him slowly but firmly, replicating the same sinful teasing he gave you earlier. He grits his teeth as he watches you, both hands now in your hair, holding it back, neither guiding nor controlling you, just gripping it as you do what you want. You begin to move your hand up and down around him, just as slowly as the licking of your tongue.

"Jesus, baby..." he groans at the sight of you on your knees before him, sucking on his cock; it's almost more than he can bear. He gently tugs on your hair, earning a soft hum around him from you which just causes him to tug again, slightly more desperately, as his breathing becomes a little more laboured. "Baby, come on... Don't wanna come just yet..."

Pulling your lips from his cock, you graze your teeth over your lower lip as your hand slides up, the pad of your thumb running over his wet tip.

"Mmh, good..." you murmur, rising up on your knees once more to



ghost your lips over his. "I want you to come inside me."

He breaks. With a growled curse he lifts you from the floor and onto his lap to straddle him, his hands returning to your hair and tangling in tightly as he kisses you fiercely. Both of you now relinquish the hold you'd had on your desire and need, and you know you won't last long; even just the thought of him finally being inside you makes you moan into his mouth.

You need him.

Fumbling with the hem of your dress, you lift it with one hand and grip his cock with the other, guiding him to your wet entrance. Pushing his tip inside you, you waste no time in sinking down on him and taking the full length of his cock. You could have come right then at the feel of him finally, *finally* filling and stretching you, your mouth dropping open against his. Both your moans of relief are muffled by one another, and one of his arms falls to wrap around your waist as you start to rock your hips, quickly building a steady rhythm.

"That's it, sweetheart..." he breathes against your lips, a low whine sounding from your throat.

Pressing your hands against his chest, you tear your lips from his and push him down onto the bed. Closing your eyes, your head tips back as you quicken the pace of your hips, a succession of moans slipping from your lips. His hands roam from your waist to your thighs, fisting your dress and lifting it so he can watch his cock disappear inside of you. He grunts at the sight, his jaw clenching tightly.

"Fuck, look at that..."

Opening your eyes at his rough murmur, the pleasure building within

you is only increased by the look of pure lust burning in his own.

"Jim..." you moan.

He immediately flicks his gaze up to lock with yours. "You gonna come for me, baby? Tell me how much you need it..."

"Fuck, Jim... Need to come so bad..." You're so close to the edge, that delicious edge you've been needing all day and been so agonisingly far from. "Please, Jim... Need it so fucking bad, need to come on your cock..."

By the way his teeth are gritted and the hold he has on your hips, you know he does, too. His hand drops and he strokes at your aching clit with two fingers, leaving you gasping as your hips buck, your nails digging into his chest.

"Been thinkin' about me all day, huh? Been thinkin' about my cock? How you were gonna get it all fuckin' wet?"

You can only whimper desperately.

"Mmh, come on, sweetheart... Come on... Need you to come..." he whispers, almost to himself, staring at you intently. "Come on my cock, baby..."

Throwing your head back as his fingers swipe over your clit once more, you finally spill over the edge into your release. Crying out, your eyes close tightly as your forehead dips and you surrender yourself to the ecstasy flowing through you. Your hips buck erratically as pleasure pulses throughout your entire body, causing

you to clench around his cock. He unleashes a long, rough groan as you trigger his own climax, his head tipping back as his mouth drops open. His hands hold your waist, keeping you in place as his hips jerk up, pushing deep inside you. Your body jolts every few moments as you ride out the last few waves of the high you had craved all day, your breaths coming in jagged gasps.

An incoherent mix of grunts and curses leave him as he comes down from his own, his grip slowly softening on your waist. Licking your lips with a light swallow, you try to steady your breathing as you open your eyes after several moments, looking down at him. A breathless smile appears on his lips, and you can't help but smile either. Carefully lowering yourself down, your arms settling above his head to support you, you press a tender kiss to his lips. His arms slide around your waist, holding you against his chest as he hums with satisfaction.

"Mmh... Think I'm gonna have to start visitin' you every day, sweetheart..." he murmurs, his finger tips tracing light patterns over your skin.

"Uhhh, I don't think my body or stress levels could handle your teasing every day, Hopper," you mutter, arching an eyebrow as your lips twitch with amusement.

"Mmnh... Well, let's find out shall we?"